THE Cabinet Open'd, OR THE Secret History OF THE AMOURS OF Madam *de Maintenon*, With the French KING.

Translated from the French Copy.

London, Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, in the *Old-Baily*, 1690.

12410.c.28.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Memoires of Monsieur* Deageant: *Containing the most secret Transactions and Affairs of* France, *from the Death of* Henry IV. *till the beginning of the Ministry of the Cardinal* de Richelieu. *To which is added, a Particular Relation of the Arch-Bishop of* Embrun's *Voyage into* England, *and of his Negociation for the advancement of the Roman Catholick Religion here; together with the Duke of* Buckingham's *Letters to the said Arch-Bishop about the Progress of that Affair: Which happen'd the last Years of King* James I. *his Reign. Faithfully Translated out of the* French *Original. Printed for* Richard Baldwin *in the* Old-Baily. 1690.

To the Reader.

If you meet with any thing that is ridiculous, you are only to accuse the Original, and not the Copy.

Farewel.

THE

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Author's Preface TO THE READER.

LOve and Fortune produce effects so fantastick and surprizing, that a man that accustoms himself to make reflections

on all Occurrences, cannot conſider 'em without aſtoniſhment. One ſees not only the vileſt and moſt abject creatures rais'd by this means to the higheſt elevation of Glory and Grandeur; but one alſo ſees the moſt agreeable and haughty of all the Sex, thrown down from their greatneſs, by the Caprices of theſe brutal paſſions, and the Chimerique effects of the imagination,

gination, to which stupid men offer incense as to a Deity. Nature never wrought half the diversities in her productions, as Love and Fortune have done in their Vassals and Adorers. Madam de Maintenon, the person whom we shall choose to be our Heroine, does abundantly confirm the truth of these evident assertions; one that the fol-

following relation may make to be reputed for a happy person, if you place the happiness of this World in prosperity, in which 'tis confess'd she abounds.

As for the rest, I am to advertise the Reader, that altho' several persons, having wrote upon the like subjects, have deliver'd nothing but pure Romance, nevertheless what I have Wrote is an unquestionable

ble truth; for the better part of the Memoires, from whence this Little History is drawn, came out of the Cabinet of Madam de Maintenon, *and were partly written with her own Hand. These we recovered of a certain Gentlewoman, who lived a conſiderable time with her, and who had not ſerved her this trick, but only to avoid a greater miſchief*

which

which was designed her, and she avoided by her flight. Therefore, what we received of her, we are now going to expose to the publick; and this it is, which has given occasion to the Title of this Book. I hope the World will receive some satisfaction by it, since I have given my self the trouble to put together these Memoires, and digest 'em into a method.

If

THE SECRET AMOURS OF Madam *de Maintenon*, With the French KING.

AMongſt all thoſe Effects that Love has produced, one ſees nothing that ſurprizes him more, than when it joyns the Scepter to the Crook, and by its influences

makes those Conditions of Life that ſtand at the greateſt diſtance from one another, ſo united and reconciled, that the two Parties forget not only what they have been, but alſo what they owe to themſelves: Several Examples have acquainted us with the truth of this Aſſertion, but we have not any Inſtance that has demonſtrated it with that clearneſs, or is more univerſally known in our Age, than This which we are going to relate.

Madam *deMaintenon* owes her Nativity to *America*: Her Father who had been formerly one of thoſe righteous Perſons, that we uſe to tranſport for their Civil Behaviour, after he had made Satisfaction for the Slavery, to which he was Condemned, took a little piece of Ground, and planted it with Tobacco. With

the Revenue of this small Territory, he made an hard shift to keep Body and Soul together; when Providence, to let him see, that he had fain into a Terrestial Paradise, furnished him with a comfortable Importance, and suffered a certain Vessel that was plentifully laden with all sorts of Females, to arrive at the Island *de la Martinique*. These virtuous Ladies considering the Corruption of the Age, and the Fruitfulness of the new World, after having sacrificed their Bodies for some time to the Goddess of Pleasure, and performed all Acts of Charity to those who begg'd it at their hands, departed from their respective Habitations in *Low-Poictou*, and out of a Spirit of Submission, to which they were obliged by the Orders of Justice, surrendred themselves at *Rochel*.

Here the report of their Actions gathered a vaſt Company of People together, who ran from all parts to behold them with Admiration. The reſpect they met with, was ſo extremely great, that the Magiſtrates of the place, not thinking any ordinary Houſe worthy to entertain Perſons of their high Character, lodged them in the moſt Magnificent Building of the whole City, as well in regard of its Height, as of its Scituation, and Structure. Their Quarters were aſſigned them in the Tower *de la Lanterne*, where they paſſed ſome time without any manner of Diverſion for want of Needles. After a ſhort ſtay, like true multiplying Daughters of *Eve*, they embarqued for *America*, where they arrived, as we told you before: Preſently after their Landing, they

they were joyned to the Tune of *for better for worse*, according to the laudable Custom of the Country, which, as we are credibly informed, was taking one anothers Words without any tedious Preface or Ceremony; and amongst the rest, Madam *de Maintenon*'s Father and Mother were coupled together, and so by this means our Illustrious *Heroine* came to be begotten. All those Persons who have been at *Surrat*, are able to inform you, that whether it happens through the peculiar Nature of the Climate, or the Temperature of the Country, their Children don't stay so long a time before they are able to help themselves, as here in *Europe*; and Experience has made it evident, that their Infants do commonly make a shift to walk when they are but one year old.

which would pass for an extraordinary Miracle, with us on this side the Globe. To reassume our Discourse, our little *Heroine* was employed at the Age of Three years, to look after some Turkies belonging to the Illustrious Madam *de* [illegible] her Godmother, who out of a Principle of Charity took her from her Pious Parents, and kept her with her at her own Mansion. In this honourable important Occupation, she passed Three years more, after which time was expired, her above-mentioned Godmother, having some occasions, to make a Voyage into *Europe*, carried the pretty Damosel along with her, with a design to cultivate and refine her Person as she advanced in Age.

Their Voyage, as it happened, was somewhat of the longest, which

which they, poor Souls, never expected, by reason of the ill Weather with which they were frequently distressed. Nevertheless they arrived happily at *Rochel*, where after they had refreshed themselves for some time, they took their way towards *Low-Poitou*, and there they tarried a considerable space, without any reverse of Fortune. The first Calamity which befel our *Heroine* was the unexpected Death of her Godmother. At that time, she was about Fifteen years Old; the decease of her careful Fellow-Traveller touched her very sensibly; and, without question, she wished her self an hundred times in *America* again. We may imagine, that in this Melancholy Condition, she had remain'd without any Comfort; if a Brawny Rustick of the Village where she

ſojourn'd, had not prevail'd upon her by Virtue of his Compliments to believe, that whatſoever Loſs ſhe had ſuſtained by the Tranſlation of her Godmother, might be fully made up in him. This amorous Villager had Riches enough for a Man of his Quality, he had one Leg ſhorter than the other, and an Eye leſs than other Men, but to make him amends, Nature provided him with a tolerable good Addition upon his Back, for he always carried a Mountain about him. After all, I ſay, one could not find in all the Village, a Man that could ſurpaſs him; he had likewiſe a little ſhare of Underſtanding, which was but very neceſſary, conſidering the buſineſs he went through, and yet a Man may ſay without flattery to his Perſon, that it was not much for

his

his advantage. A long time before the Death of our *Heroin's* Godmother, he had a certain inclination towards her, that cannot be well expressed; for he perceived in himself a small *Je ne sçay quoy*, a beginning of a Passion, which he durst not discover. Without doubt, the Veneration he bore to Madam *de* ... the Godmother of our Madam *de Maintenon*, hindred him from making a Formal Declaration of his affection; but as soon as she was dead, he searched all the means in the World to accost her, he never sung at high Mass when he was there, nor in any famous Assembly of the Village, when he made his appearance amongst them; If he went to any Fair or more, he laid out his Money very profusely, on Ribands of all Sorts and Colours, to present

them to his fair Miſtreſs, hoping by that Liberality to inſinuate himſelf into her good Graces. But all this while he made but ſmall inſenſible advances in his Affair by his dumb Language, and we may honeſtly conclude, that all theſe Aſſiduities had been to no purpoſe, if he had not found occaſion to accoſt her one day with his Rural Rhetorick, as ſhe was drawing water out of a Well. *Will you let me help you*, ſays he. *Alas*, replys the Damoſel, *You'l mightily oblige me*; ſo he put himſelf in a Poſture to execute the Buſineſs, and through an exceſs of Civility, carried her Buckets for her even to her Cottage, where being arrived, and finding himſelf alone with her, *Is it not true*, ſays he, *That you ſuffer a great deal of Sorrow for the loſs of your Godmother?*

She

She was a very good Woman, and had a mighty Concern for you, and if she had lived any time longer, had not failed to give you some little Fortune, that might have made you an agreeable Match for some honest Labourer in the Village: But, cries he, pursuing his Discourse, *although She has left you nothing at all, yet I have Love enough for you, to give you a Moiety of what I possess, if you'l be pleas'd to be my Wife; you shall always continue to command me upon all occasions, and nothing shall be wanting for you. Do but allow me,* answers she, *a small time to consider of this matter, and I'le return you my Answer to morrow behind our Cottage.* Our amorous *Esop* was exceeding satisfied with this Answer, and after having entertained her a while with his Gallantry upon this Subject, retired and withdrew;

drew, impatiently expecting the following day, to know her final Resolution, so he failed not to appear upon the place, at the hour of Assignation. When he saw her a pretty way off, *Alas!* says he, *and will you be my Wife then? I don't know*, says she, *I find not any great reluctancy in my self, to enter into those Ecclesiastical Indentures with you, but to confess the Truth, I have no very great Affection for your person at present, however, I am in good hopes that a little time will bring all these Matters about. Ah! My dear* Guiellemette, says he, *how passionately do I love you, I'll make you such Presents, and give you such undeniable Testimonies of the Sincerity of my heart, that you shall be in a manner forced to have a Love for me.*

In

In effect, he went to none of the Neighbouring Markets, but he courteously brought her either a Cake-offering, or Buns, or Needles, or Pins, or Penny-knives, and a great quantity of other things of that Nature. She that saw with what Zeal and Affection he bestirr'd himself in her Service, began at last to have some kindness for him. She consider'd, she was without Father, and Mother, Relations, or Friends, to support her, destitute of all manner of Conveniencies, and as it were a Stranger in the Country: On the other hand, she saw a strong, lusty, two-handed Labourer, that courted and ador'd her. These prudent reflections had almost prevailed with her to make this ill Choice, but it may be alledged for her excuse, that it had not been the first Marriage by

ten

ten thouſand, that neceſſity has occaſioned; for when one ſuffers himſelf to tumble down a Precipice, 'tis twenty to one, unleſs the Devil's in him, but that he'l lay hold of the next thing he meets to ſave his Bacon. Therefore ſhe teſtified a vaſt deal of kindneſs, and more indeed than was uſual, for her truſty Swain, and there's no queſtion to be made, but the Marriage had ſucceeded, if a certain Lady that lived in a Neighbouring Caſtle, had not taken Compaſſion of her Youth, and the Embarras, ſhe had unavoidably thrown her ſelf into, by matching with this Villager: and having obſerved in our *Heroine*, a Spirit and Wit that was capable of attaining to any thing, ſhe took her home along with her, where ſhe lived at firſt under the Character of a Servant,

and

and afterwards under That of a Chamber-maid. There she forgot her poor Rustick to all Intents and Purposes, and began to shew by little and little the greatness of her Soul, *à la mode de la Noblesse*. Her disconsolate Lover was in Despair for loss of her; he was almost come up to the Castle to see her, but he wisely bethought himself, that he could not make his approaches any further, if he designed to carry back with him a bundle of Fagots, which he had got upon his Shoulders. This threw him into one of the severest Fits of Melancholy in the World, nevertheless to relieve him in this Affliction, he had hopes some time or other to speak with her, and knowing that she would be obliged shortly to pay her Devotions all alone at the Parish Church, he was resolved

to

to renew his correſpondence with her there. In order to put this intrigue into execution, he came thither very early in the morning, being afraid, as you may imagine of coming too late, and when ſhe was juſt entred the Church he advanced towards her, that he might have the opportunity to converſe with her; but ſhe that found her heart rais'd above the ordinary pitch, by the fine cloaths ſhe wore, a vanity with which ſhe had never been acquainted before, ſcornfully rejected him, and would not hear him ſpeak one ſyllable.

He had like to have loſt, for good and all, the reſpect that was due to ſo ſacred a place, and was upon the point of reproaching her, for her baſe ingratitude; but his Reaſon proving too powerful for his Paſſion, he waited patiently

of

ently till the Service was over; and then, as he followed her, he purſu'd her all along with the bitterest reproaches imaginable, he refreſh'd her memory a thouſand times over, even with the leaſt inconſiderable triffle he had given her; not forgetting the expences he had been at, upon her ſcore, at the Farthing Cuſtard-Houſe, and the never to be forgotten preſent of a Needle-Caſe. Sometimes he ſwore at her like any Dragon, at other times he made his ſupplications to her in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, humbly deſiring her Lady-ſhip not to forget the ardent Love he had for her. In fine, he put himſelf into an hundred ſeveral poſtures, but all this ſignified nothing; for all the while ſhe marched on carelesly, without regarding his complaints, or ſhewing the leaſt concern for him. This

ſevere

severe usage made so deep an impression upon the afflicted Labourer, that the very same day he fell into a violent Feavor, which in a short time carried him out of the World. She could not forbear the having *un peu de chagrin*, a little interval of sorrow, upon so doleful an occasion, and the Lord knows it was but very little, for two hours put it out of her head, and made her forget the memory of him for ever. She continued a good time in this middle station of Life, and without doing her any affront, we may safely conclude, she had passed her whole Life in this humble Figure, if the Marquis *de Chevreuse* had not found some charms in her. The first time he saw her was in this Ladies family, and having informed himself of her extraction, he employ'd all his thoughts to make

a conquest of her. To bring this about, he attaqu'd her with all the ways and arguments, that he believed would be most agreeable to his design, and cou'd sooneſt help to vanquiſh her, but to no purpoſe: She lived with a reſery'd Virtuous Perſon that had an Eye continually over her; and beſides, had ſufficiently inſtructed her in the principles of Honour, if ſhe won'd be content to practiſe 'em. Monſieur *de Chevreuſe* who had ſeen the Court, and conſequently knew that ſome feeble denials at firſt were things of courſe, was not overmuch mortify'd or aſtoniſh'd at her refuſal; he daily continued in his purſuit, and did not at all deſpair to accompliſh his ends, and carry off the Game. One day when her Lady was wholly taken up in receiving a Viſit, and ſhe her ſelf, contrary

to her usual custom, was alone in her Chamber, he accosted her with great civilities. *Ah! Dear Madam,* says he to her, *and have you then sworn to be always cruel to me, and will you not reciprocally correspond with the most violent and faithful passion in the World? I love you, Madam, and I have acquainted you with my flame several times, and my Eyes have declar'd it to you every moment when I had the happiness of seeing you; yet you, cruel fair one, will not suffer it to meet with the least encouragement, but seem fully resolved to make me endure a thousand Martyrdoms, by the contempt with which you entertain my love, and the indifference with which you receive my protestations. Monsieur,* answers she, very coldly to him, *I have neither any rigour or softness in me, in regard to your self;*

I to

I know my own inclinations pretty well, and it suffices me to have a respect for you, which is due to persons of your Rank and Quality, without troubling my self with any other matters. Having ended her discourse, she went hastily out of her Chamber, and disposed of her self amongst her companions, the poor Marquis not being able to oblige her to tarry one moment longer with him, for all his importunity and solicitation. Nevertheless he did not suffer any favourable occasion to pass by, without discoursing to her about his love, and he imagined, that he observed some prosperous advance in his affairs, when he was obliged to go and take possession of an Estate a great way off, which a certain pious Aunt of his had left him at her decease. Being just about to depart out of the

Pro-

Province, he desired to take his leave of her, but he was not able to find her alone, because she was always busied before her Lady, who found her self somewhat indisposed. Therefore he resolved to write to her, which he immediately did, as soon as he arrived to the place, where he was obliged to be; and that his Mistress might receive it with security, he dispatched one of his Servants to visit, as from him, the Lady with whom she lived, with order likewise to slip the Letter into her hands when he saw an opportunity, which he accordingly did. When she had received it, she cou'd not tell, whether it was best to deliver it to her Mistress, or read it by her self. Her mind continued some time in this suspence, at last her curiosity prevailed, so she opened it, and read as follows. Ma-

Madam,

AFter having oftentimes assur'd you in conversation, that I love you more than my self, I take the liberty to write to you; that I may give you fuller evidences of my sincerity, and at the same time to make this protestation before you, that notwithstanding all your indifference, I shall ever persevere to adore you. I am sensibly afflicted that I had not the honour to take my leave of you before my departure; I have sought every occasion with the utmost diligence, but you, my cruel fair one, think, that I am not sufficiently punished for my transgressions either by your rigour, or my own despair. You have hitherto industriously avoided my company, because you very well foresaw that one moment of your charming conversation won'd sweeten and lenify all that chagrin which your

absence had created. Let me perswade you, Madam, to quit all those cruelties that are so disagreeable and contrary to the fairest Sex, consider the violence of my passion, and by an act of generosity, which is so peculiar to your nature, return one heart for another. Mine is altogether yours, it will suffer no other image to be impress upon it, but that of your charming person, nor will it be ever separated from you. Give me therefore some small room in yours; 'tis the only thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my fortune, and my dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my passion, and make your self absolute Mistress, not only of my Heart, but also of every thing that I possess. The Bearer hereof will bring me your answer; I beseech you, that you'l no more deny me this fa-

vour, than any thing elſe that I have requeſted of you; without which you'l reduce to the extremity of deſpair the perſon, that preſerves his Life upon no other ſcore than to love, nor his Fortunes, than to ſerve you.

De Chevreuſe.

She continued for ſome ſpace altogether aſtoniſhed at reading this Letter, and cou'd not tell whether ſhe had beſt return any anſwer or no; at laſt ſhe reſolved with her ſelf not to write to him, and to avoid meeting with the Meſſenger ſhe paſs'd the time amongſt her Female companions till he was gone. After this, ſhe took a walk all alone by her ſelf to a pretty Grove of Trees that was joyning to the Houſe; where ſhe had not been long, but ſhe was poſſeſſed with an itching deſire

to review the Letter; she endeavour'd with some little violence to her self to master this inclination, but the curiosity, which is so natural to her Sex, at last carried it. Immediately she imagined, that it would prove a very agreeable diversion, and that an hundred Letters of that nature cou'd not fail to get the ascendent over her heart. Having therefore pleased her self with the perusal of it, she began to discover some graces in the Style which attracted her Eyes as it were by force. In fine, she read it again with abundance of attention, and after she had made some few reflections, found it very entertaining. *How!* (says she,) *a Marquis falls in love with me, and not only so, but passionately in love, that offers me his Heart, and his fortunes, and shall I refuse him? No, I*

begin

begin to see my fault, I will love him, he'll make me a great Lady, and instead of being a Servant to others, as I am at present, I shall then have others to wait upon me; I shall by this means raise and advance the obscurity of my Birth. But then, says she, reprehending her self, *Let know who you are, and if he love thee, 'tis only to ravish from thee the dearest thing thou hast in the World. When that is gone, he'll regard thee no more, then thou'lt be abandon'd, and without support. No, love him not, but preserve thy reputation and honour.*

Thus divided between two different passions, she let her Letter drop without perceiving it. She pursu'd her walk and meditations, when an old venerable Servant-Maid of the house, with whom she was intimately acquainted, came thither. She

walked so softly, that *Guillemette* was not aware of her till she came up to the place, and had taken up the Letter, which she did very carefully, not at all questioning, but that it contain'd some important piece of secrecy. She accosted her then, and endeavour'd to drive her out of her pensiveness. I have never found you, says she to her, in such a sullen reserved humour before, it must certainly be some extraordinary matter that has occasion'd it; Come, don't conceal any of your affairs from me, and if I am able to bring you any consolation, you may rest satisfy'd, that I shall leave nothing unattempted. She spoke abundance of such things to her, without being able to extort any positive answer; but seeing that, she did not any more importune her upon this occasion, not

not at all questioning but she should discover something or other in the Letter. In short, they were no sooner arrived to their respective apartments, but the old Woman shutting the door upon her self, began to read it; and there was fully satisfy'd with the true reason of the change which she observed in *Guillemette*. She was extremely concern'd to know, what advances the Marquis had made in her affections, and what effect this Letter had produced. She judged very well, that *Guillemette* wou'd not make her any discoveries of this Secret, so she resolved to attend, and wait till the return of the Marquis, hoping to get an account of the whole intrigue out of him; and as she knew by experience, that lovers are generally free and liberal, so she promis'd her self no inconsi-

derable advantage, if she cou'd but be serviceable to him in this Amorous commerce.

All this while, the pensive *Guillemette* had her mind seized with a thousand several thoughts, and agitations: She had a desire once more to read the Letter that gave her all these inquietudes, and for that purpose she searched her Pockets. Nothing certainly is able to describe her astonishment and confusion, when she cou'd not find it there: She immediately ran to the place where she read it the Second time, but did not meet with it; then she did not at all question but that she was entirely ruin'd in the good opinion of her Lady; a thousand mortifying reflections disturbed her Soul, and she found a visible alteration in her self within a few days. Her Mistress

that

that loved her very well, desired to be made acquainted with the reason; but she pretended an ordinary indisposition of body, and confess'd not one Syllable of the true occasion. There was no body in the whole Family that knew the cause, but only our old *Agnes*, who, being willing to apply a remedy to this malady, came immediately to her Chamber, and thus began. Ah, my dear *Guillemette*, says she to her, you would not tell me t'other day in the Grove, what it was that possess'd you with this melancholy, and I believe I had never known the reason, if my good Stars had not thrown me upon your Letter, which has discover'd the whole business. 'Tis nothing but the loss of That, continues she, which has caused all your pain; but it has been lodged in very good

hands, behold here I return it you, no body has read it but my self. I have always had a kindness for you, and shall ever preserve it; but then to correspond with my friendship, you must make me your confident, and for the future conceal none of your Intrigues from me. *Guillemette* took the Letter with a great deal of joy, which did not a little contribute towards her recovery, since her indisposition chiefly proceeded from an apprehension she had, that her Lady had read the Letter. In fine, she gave *Agnes* abundance of thanks, and reposed an entire confidence in her Fidelity. The Old Woman contradicted her in nothing, on the contrary she agreed with her exactly in all her Sentiments, in order to make some advantages hereafter by this complyance, which was the only

thing that she propos'd to her self by it.

In the mean time, the Marquis *de Chevreuse* was in despair, for having received no answer to his Letter, he resolved to write to her the Second time, and if that fail'd to crown his expectation, to make no more efforts of that nature, but go himself in Person, and endeavour a conquest: Therefore he took Pen in Hand, and Composed a Sonnet, which he closed up in the following Billet.

'*TIs I find decreed, Madam, and you have resolved my death; If that is your design, you'll have your satisfaction upon me in a few days, for since I have been absent from you, I have not been able to procure one moments release from my torments. However, if you'l be pleased to alleviate my pains*

with one Word from your adorable hand, I shall have the consolation to be remembred by you. Do it then, I beseech you, and if you disdain to answer my prose, at least, answer the Verses, which are sent you by the most Passionate and sincere of Lovers.

De Chavreuse.

SONNET

To my Adorable Gatherette.

I.

Fair Goddess, whose victorious Charms
Have made a Conquest o're my heart,
When will you fill my long-expecting arms,
And bid my quiet fears depart.

II.

Since envious fate your absence has procur'd,
No peaceful rest has crown'd the Night,
The day has seen no kind delight,
Ten thousand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.

Come,

III.

Come, make a Victim of your pride,
Cure my despair, and ease my pain,
Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,
And to mild pity sacrifice disdain.

IV.

Or, if my fate you have decreed,
And poor unhappy I must bleed,
In a pathetic tone pronounce my death.
And I with freedom will resign my breath.

This he sent by another Valet, hoping that he'd acquit himself better in his commission than the last, who in a few days arrived at the Castle; and after he had visited the Lady in his Master's name, as he was ordered, he waited for an opportunity to find *Guillemette* alone. At last, he had the good fortune to meet with her in the Parterres, and having

having saluted her with the appearance of a most profound respect; he told her, that he had orders to deliver a Packet into her own hands, and attend her answer. She knew the Livery full well, so it cost her a moment or two's consideration to conclude whether she should receive the Letter or no. But the Bearer was so very adroit in his perfuasions, and acquitted himself so handsomely, that he oblig'd her to receive it. However all the answer he was able to get out of her, was only this, that he was not to expect any; he was weary of making a long stay, since it was not likely to turn to account, therefore he withdrew, and went back to his Master; who was no sooner informed of the success of his Second Letter, but he sent orders with all the haste imaginable, to dispatch his Affairs, and prepared

desired him to come in, and he-
ving made him to sit, thus began
her Discourse. *I know, Sir, some
Melancholy Consideration or other,
has of late oppressed your Spirits;
I don't see you in that pleasant Mer-
ry Humour, you were always acca-
stomed to carry about you; on the
contrary you do nothing in the
World but think, and sigh, and
cast your eyes overlastingly upon the
Ground. For Heaven's sake, whence
proceeds this sudden Alteration?
Come, Sir, deal fairly, and lay aside
your Disguise,* Guillemette *has oc-
casioned all this Chagrin, don't con-
ceal any thing from me, and be per-
swaded, that I have Compassion
enough for your Condition, and
Friendship enough for you, to un-
derstand anything in the World that
may prove Serviceable to your Di-
sigue, only tell me what Progress
you have made in her Affections,*

and how your Circumstances stand. Since I must acquaint you with every thing, my dear Agnes, answers he, *You are to know, that hitherto she has scorned and disdained me, and shuns my Company with as much concern, as if I carried the Pestilence about me. Endeavour to set me right in her good Opinion, and besides a suitable recompense which I shall give thee hereafter; behold here are ten* Lewis d'ors, *which I desire thee to accept.* She made some Ceremony at first of taking the damn'd Yellow pieces, but in fine she suffered him to overcome her Modesty, and promised to manage her self upon this occasion, that he should have no Reason to discommend her Conduct.

Guillemette in the mean time, who knew nothing of this Conspiracy against her, had no sooner read the Letter, but our she goes

to

to find her vertuous Confident *Agnes*, according to her Promise, which, as you were informed before, obliged her to conceal nothing from the venerable Old Gentlewoman; she found her as she came from conducting the Marquis to his Lodgings, and immediately shewed her the Letter, and demanded her Opinion of it. Upon my word, dear Child of mine, replyed the charitable Matron, I could almost find in my heart to quarrel with my Stars, and so forth, for not being young, and in a condition to oblige. A Lover so sincere as yours is, should never be able to disengage himself from my Chains, and heaven knows, how advantagiously I do manage so favourable an opportunity. I give thee, my dear, the same Advice which I would follow my self, were I in thy Circumstances

cumstances, make your Profit of this Affair, and don't neglect it, 'twill turn to a fine Account, I warrant you. Not to overwhelm you with an hundred and fifty Proverbs, strike the Iron I say, while it is hot; for that Person, that has had the Grace to take the first occasion by the Forelock, will be able to command the other fortunate Moments, as they happen. In a word, she alledged so many convincing Reasons for what she said, and so well employed her little Talent of Rhetorick, that *Guillemette* promised her for the time to come to comply with the Marquiss Inclinations. Our Old Matron was never better pleas'd in all her Life than now, she immediately left the Marquis word in how hopeful a way things were like to go with him, which he was no sooner informed of; but he

pre-

prepared himself to give a Visit to the Lady. After that piece of Formality was over, he walked out to breathe a little fresh Air in the Garden, where it was his Fortune to meet with the Good-natur'd *Agnes*, who gave him an ample Account of what had passed, and told him withal, that he might, if he pleased, see his Mistress *Oulkomette*, because she was at that very time all alone in her Chamber. He ran thither with all the haste imaginable, and found her very busie about her Linen. *At last, Madam*, says he, *I may count my self the happiest Man in the Universe, since I have one favourable moment to acquaint you with the true Sentiments of my Heart; they are pure, and sincere. Madam, I love you, I adore you, comply with my Passion.* Now, continued he, *will you then return*

me no Answer, will you reduce me to the extremity of Despair? For all this she made no Answer but by her sighs, which gave the Marquis to understand, that the Pains of the venerable Agnes were not bestowed in vain, but had operated wonderfully. Nevertheless he could not content himself with this dumb Language, but conjur'd her by all manner of Reasons to quit this Silence, he beseeched her to make some Eclairciſſement of her Love, and in fine prevailed so far, that he drew this Confeſſion from her Mouth, that she had no Averſion to him. He would needs be assured of the Truth of it by a Kiss, but she was not willing to grant him such a Favour so soon; in refusing him, she did not however take away all hopes from him to obtain it for the time to come,

but

but he that was the moſt paſſio-nate Lover breathing, ſeeing he could not have ſo ſmall a refreſh-ment to his Flame, began to faint away, and had unqueſtionably done ſo, if he had not ſuſtained himſelf by an Elbow-Chair that ſtood near him. As ſoon as he was recovered out of the Fit, look-ing upon her with languiſhing Eyes, he thus Addreſſed him-ſelf to her in the following Sonnet.

SONNET.

I.

II.

Go, take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,
But Love, alas! gives place to Fear;
Awful respect disarms my hands,
And as my growing Passion gives Commands.

III.

Ah! must you wounded Lover die,
And see his Balm, and see his cure so nigh.
Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss,
A prelude to a greater Bliss.

IV.

No, He'l a thousand Deaths endure,
And all reverses of his fate attend,
E're He'l by Sacrilege attempt his cure,
And his dear Guillemette offend.

This Agitation, and respectful Behaviour of the Marquis failed not to make a large breach in the heart of the poor *Guillemette*, yet she had the care enough to conceal it from her Conqueror, and after all his reiterated importunities

tunities made no other Declaration of her Affections, than what she had done before. Namely, that he was not displeasing or disagreeable to her.

Our Marquis immediately gave the discreet *Agnes*, a full Account of the issue of his Negotiation, and visited *Guillemette* with the greatest Assiduity as was possible, he prevailed so far upon her at last, that she confessed she loved him; he was not satisfied with this Confession, but conjur'd her by all the tenderest things in the World, to answer his Love. *Agnes* on the other hand perswaded her not to shew her self too Complaisant on the sudden to the Marquis, but to have a regard to the making of her Fortune? In a word, they were so well pleased one with the other that she promised him a rende-

vouz

vouz the next Night at her Chamber, where they might discourse of these Affairs, with greater Liberty and Freedom. But their cruel Destinies so ordered the Matter, that a certain Lady of Quality in the Neighbour-hood, having lost two of her Maids by an unlucky Distemper, and being informed, that in the House where *Guillemette* lived, they had more than they had occasion for, she dispatched a Messenger to her Lady, to entreat her, that she would be pleased to send her one or two. This Lady, who had some Suspicion of the Intrigue that was a driving on betwixt the Marquis and *Guillemette*, was extremely glad, that she had an opportunity to break off the Correspondence; and so much the more was she satisfied, because she knew the Marquis durst not

appear

appear there, by reason of an inveterate hatred between him and that Family. Therefore she ordered our unfortunate Lover, and another of her Maids to prepare themselves to depart the next Morning, and commanded *Gaillette* to come that Night, and lye in her Chamber, because she had some important Advice to give her for the future management of her Life. Never did any mortal blow occasion, a greater Astonishment; these words struck her like a Thunder-bolt, or like *Medusa's* head, for she imagined her self to be changed into stone. Her Lady, perceiving the disorder she was in, was very inquisitive to know the Reason, but she, who had a very good faculty that way, found it it no difficult matter to invent a sham Excuse; the present Conjuncture afforded her

a

a plausible Pretence, and to give the better Colour to her Hypocrisie, she shed a few Tears, and thus began her Discourse. *Without question, Madam, you are sufficiently acquainted with the cause of my Grief, but since you are pleased to learn it from my own Mouth; I dare not assume the Confidence to contradict you. I believe, Madam, it will not appear strange in the least to you, that after having received such abundance of Favours and Kindnesses from your liberal hands, I find a sensible regret to part with you, especially having determined to pass the remaining part of my Life in your Service, and by my diligence to make you some tolerable amends for all your Bounty. This only Sorrow, to see my self so miserably disappointed in my Expectations, has so far possessed me, that I can think of nothing else;*

and altho' your Injunctions have ever paſſed with me for ſo many Laws, yet I ſhall obey this particular Command, with the greateſt reluctance in the World;—if my Prayers and Supplications could prevail with you to revoke this cruel Order. I have parted with you for your own good, replys her Lady very bluntly, *but it will not continue always; as I find you behave your ſelf, ſo I ſhall Act accordingly; go in the mean time, and prepare to obey me.*

She departed, and run immediately to inform *Agnes* of this fatal Command, and enjoyn'd her to tell the Marquis, ſhe would ever preſerve the ſame Affection and Tenderneſs for him; only ſhe deſired him to attempt nothing upon the Road, for that, ſays ſhe, will raiſe a great Clamour and Noiſe, and diſcover the whole

Affair,

Affair, which I would have kept as ſecret, as is poſſible. *Agnes* was mightily concerned at this *Contre-coup*, this mortifying diſappointment, for ſhe grounded no ſmall Expectations upon the Sacrificing of this Virginity. Nevertheleſs ſhe promiſed to perform whatever ſhe had requeſted of her, and preſently poſted away to acquaint the Marquis with the News, who by this time had taſted a thouſand Fantaſtick Pleaſures in his Imagination: He fell into the greateſt Conſternation in the World, but had no other Remedy to apply to his Sores, except Patience; and endeavoured to comfort himſelf, as well as he could. As the Night approached, he judged it not *à Propos* to depart, but ſtay till next Morning, that he might give no Umbrage or Suſpicion in

the Caſe, and alſo, that he might find ſome opportunity or other, to ſpeak with his Miſtreſs before his Departure.

Guillemette having put all her things in her Trunk, received Orders to appear forthwith at her Ladies Chamber. This virtuous Perſon, who had paſſed above Threeſcore years in the World, had gathered a great deal of Experience, and conſidering that a good Tree is eaſily ſpoiled, if it is not cultivated when 'tis young, was deſirous to furniſh her with ſome uſeful Solid Inſtructions, before ſhe went away, and to that end ſhe thus began the Diſcourſe.

Since it has pleaſed Heaven to take away my dear Husband and Children from me, I have been effectually dead to all theſe impertinent

-aint gilded Vanities of Life, and only paid my regard to those Duties, that cannot but render those Persons eternally happy that follow them. Now because you are going to be separated from me for a time, I have some Reason to be fearful of your Conduct, when I consider what Age you are of. One runs a great deal of Hazard and Danger at your years, but withal one acquires a vast Reputation and Glory in surmounting them: Therefore I think it not amiss, to give you part of that Experience which I have, and to lend you some Instructions for your future Deportment: And I am able to assure you, that you cannot prove otherwise than Happy, if you'l permit your self to be influenced and directed by them.

In the first Place be devout without Affectation, and have a Care you don't fall into Hypocrisie, for by that one does immediately Affront and Assault the Divinity.

2. Don't set your Heart upon the Pleasures of the Flesh, for he that prefers the Pleasures of the Body, before the Health of his Soul is Guilty of the same sottish Stupidity, with him that lets his Friend drown, and runs to secure his Cloaths.

3. Don't propose to your self any great Pleasure in worldly Vanity, rather abhor it, and let your Garb be Modest and Civil; ever while you live take more care to adorn your Soul than your Body, without doing which you offer incense to an Idol, and abandon the Deity.

4. Don't begin any thing, without having consider'd seriously of it before, and let your judgment be mature and well fixed: for he that undertakes any business of moment, without this necessary provision, ought not to be surprized, if it never succeeds.

5. Never attempt any thing which is above your strength, for all efforts of this nature use to produce effects that are infinitely below the expectation one conceived of 'em.

6. Don't look with Envy at the good of your Neighbour, for by that means you render your self unworthy to possess your own.

7. Carefully avoid that which they call Love here in the World. Above all, never give any attention to the discourses of Flatterers. This sort of People deify you in

their warm harangues, tho' at the same time they endeavour to make you the most miserable of all Creatures. Therefore in imitation of the Adder, shut your Ears to the Charms of these Enchanters, and be strongly perswaded, that there is nothing so prejudicial to your reputation, as the vanity of hearing your self flatter'd. Of all the passions, that are capable of misleading, and corrupting the judgment, Love is the strongest and most imperceptible: for he kindles his Fire only with a design to make us blind and giddy; to make you entertain a horror of him, he's Painted blind, not only to represent his *Effronterie* and immodesty, but also to teach us, that commonly he reduces those Persons to Nakedness and Poverty, that follow him.

8. If

8. If you ſubmit your judgment to your pleaſures, you'l burn your ſelf at laſt with the Torch, that was given you to light and conduct you.

9. Avoid Gaming as much as is poſſible, for he that loves play to exceſs, takes a great deal of pains to die poor.

10. Conſider one moment at leaſt, of what you are going to ſpeak, and take two more to think of what you are going to promiſe; fearing leſt you may come to feel a great deal of ſorrow, for that which you promiſed with precipitation.

11. Obey with all alacrity and reverence, the perſon whom you ſerve, and employ your utmoſt endeavours to ſet your ſelf in her good opinion. Never ſtay for a Command to do that, which you ſee is neceſſary to be done, and

consider that the principal cause of the liberality of Masters towards their Servants, proceeds from their having acquitted themselves well in their respective duties; for to apply an old but a Proverb upon this occasion. *A good Valet makes a good Master.*

12. Be content with your own condition, for he that is not content with an honest condition, gives himself the trouble oftentimes to render that less, which he endeavour'd to encrease.

13. Don't be urgent or pressing to know the Secrets of another; be likewise very reserv'd, in communicating your own. You are no longer Mistress of 'em when you have parted with 'em to a Confident, and your own example will justify the infidelity which one ought to observe in communicating his Secrets to another.

14. Once

14. Once more, renounce and defy all cajolers and flatterers, both the one and t'other design by the sound of their empty discourses, to the Money out of your Pocket, and to ravish you of your Honour. In fine, the infection of the Plague is not half so contagious and fatal for the body, as the Poison of Vicious Profligate company; and they that make use of Elaborate harangues for no other purpose than to enveigle us into a criminal *rencontre* with 'em, employ a perfum'd Poniard to pierce us in the heart.

Behold Guillemette, *this is it which I had to say to you, and which I always desire you to retain in your Memory, and fearing lest you might forget it one time or other, I have succinctly digested it into particulars, and committed it to Writing. Be sure you keep it carefully, and read it often.* Guille-

Guillemette made very solemn promises to observe all this, and then they composed themselves to rest till the Morning. The Lady never pared with her out of her company, till she saw her in the Coach, so that our Lovers cou'd not take their farewel of each other, but only in general terms. Our Marquis having tarried some short time after her, took his leave, and retired to one of his houses, scituated about two Leagues distance from the new Habitation of his Mistress, who along with her Companion was very kindly received at her first arrival. But the entertainment that followed did not answer accordingly, for she lived with a Lady, whom we shall call *Olimpia*, a haughty, imperious, ill-natur'd Woman; that treated all her Servants after a rude barbarous manner,

ner, notwithstanding they us'd the greatest diligence imaginable in the discharge of their duties. This kind of usage seem'd extremely unpalatable to the poor *Guillemette*; she was just parted from a person that had always regarded her as her own Child, whereas she saw her self now in a condition very little different from that of a Slave, which infinitely disgusted her, and served to establish the Marquis more then ever in her good inclinations. He was now just upon the point of despair, never a day passed over his head, but he rode that way on Horseback; yet was never so fortunate as to see her. At last he bethought himself of a Stratagem, which accomplish'd his designs. By the vertue of Almighty Money, he gain'd over to his party a certain Peasant of the Village, that us'd

to

to furniſh that Caſtle with Fiſh, and made him promiſe to deliver a Letter into the hands of his beloved *Guillemette*; To prevent all miſtakes, he acquainted him with her Shape and Features, ſo the other promiſed to perform his part, which he effectually did, for he gave her the Letter. She was ſomewhat diſcompos'd at the manner of receiving it, till the fellow cured her of her fears and apprehenſions, by aſſuring her that he was altogether at the Marquiſes devotion. She promiſed to ſend an anſwer by him the day following, ſo the Peaſant made what haſte he could to bring this news to the Marquis, who had all this while impatiently attended his return. In the mean time, *Guillemette* open'd the Letter, and read as followeth.

Madam,

Madam,

I Am perſuaded, that if I did not live entirely for you, I had not been able by this time ſo much as to lift up my Eyes to ſee you without dying. If I cou'd have had the honour to take my leave of you, and know your ſentiments, I had received ſufficient conſolation. Do me then the favour that I may enjoy one minute's converſation with you, in ſome place or other: Alas! who cou'd have believed that we ſhould be ſo cruelly ſeparated, when we were juſt upon the point of meeting? However it does not ſignify much, and I have that favourable opinion of your Charity, that it will repair the loſs we have mutually ſuſtain'd. Adieu, my Dear, let me know how matters go with you. You may confide entirely in the bearer, for he's truſty and faithful.

She took no long time in conſidering of an anſwer. The Letter found her when ſhe was in a ſuffering condition, and deſirous to be ſet at Liberty, ſo ſhe writ the following anſwer, and dropt it ſlily into the Peaſants Pocket.

Sir,

ALtho' I have not ſeen you ſince my departure from . . . yet I have not ſuffered that paſſion to be extinguiſhed, which you have kindled in my Heart. For a proof of this let me find you to morrow about four a clock diſguis'd in a Female Habit, on the ſide of the Wood that joyns the High Way; there I ſhall have the Honour to ſee you.

Never was the Marquis in ſuch a tranſport of joy, as when he received this Letter, he kiſſed it Twenty times over, and made all the

the haſte imaginable, to get his Love-Equipage in readineſs. He found her waiting for him on the ſpot, at the hour of Aſſignation, where he ſpoke a thouſand tender paſſionate things to her. She that was now made free and ſociable by the Marquiſes good management, complain'd of the haughty carriage of *Olympia*, and of the unworthy uſage wherewith ſhe treated her. He offered her his aſſiſtance immediately to deliver her from this Tyranny; but ſhe would not at firſt conſent to ſuch a motion; deſiring nothing elſe, as ſhe aſſured him, but only to retire to her former Miſtreſs. But her lover managed his cauſe ſo effectually, by repreſenting to her, that if ſhe followed thoſe meaſures, ſhe would always continue in the ſame condition; whereas with him ſhe ſhould be abſo-

absolute Mistress of his fortunes, that she consented to resign her self into his hands the Sunday following. He return'd her his thanks with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he Embraced her, he Kissed her most ardently; all this while she shew'd nothing of her primitive rigour; so that we may conclude, without breach of Charity, that if they had been in a more convenient place, she had scarce carried that troublesome luggage, call'd a Maiden-head, home with her. However, let that pass, he kissed her Eyes, her Mouth, her Neck, her Bosom, and where he pleased. This complaisant entertainment of his Mistress, threw him into such an extasie, that he was not able to utter one Syllable, till she thus awaked him. *I fancy*, says she, *that I behold you in the very same*

condition, as you were in the other day, when you were transported with a ſudden Spirit of Poetry, becauſe I would not conſent to relieve you with a Kiſs. If that chagrin, *that ſullen fit of melancholly, which at that time poſſeſſed you, was able to inſpire your Muſe with ſo much vigour; I am of opinion, that the joy which you teſtify upon this occaſion, ought to produce as lively effects. You are much in the right on't,* replys he, and after he had a little conſidered upon the point, he repeated the following verſes, as he walked by her ſide.

VI.

An

An Ode upon a KISS.

I.

NAy, now Ambitious thoughts farewell,
I pity Kings in all their State,
While thus in Sylvia's arms I dwell,
And mighty love does all my triumphs wait.

II.

Thus let me languishing expire,
Encircled in her Snowy Arms,
Till she revives me by her Charms,
And pours into my breast a new and nobler fire.

III.

Thus let me Kiss my Soul away,
And revel in substantial bliss;
Thus let me spend the fleeting day,
And crown each beauteous moment with a Kiss.

IV.

Adonis ne're was half so blest,
Was ne're so fortunate as I:
The Loves bright Goddess him caress,
And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

V. Nor

V.

Nor Jove *himself such transports knew,*
When Danae *the amorous God did hold:*
Tho' he, the pleasure to possess,
Mortgag'd his pow'r Almightyership to Gold.

VII.

Ten thousand loves in pompous state
On those two Ruby Lips reside:
While busy I, with eager pride
Sip all the sweets of love, and bless my happy fate.

VII.

Now on her glowing breast I range,
Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes.
The pleasure's heightened by the change,
And fills my Senses with immortal joys.

VIII.

But Ah! my beauteous Nymph, beware,
How you encrease my flame:
For else your pamper'd Slave may dare,
Drunk as he is with joy, to sue for something more.

IX.

For say fond Lovers, what you will,
To deify a Kiss:
'Tis but a pledge or prologue still,
An earnest to secure the great succeeding bliss.

After

After he had thus concluded, he let a ſigh drop from him, and ſaid, Well, Madam, what think you of this Poetical tranſport now, have you enough of it? Yes indeed, ſays ſhe, and I here proteſt to you, that I like theſe Verſes extremely well. If it were poſſible for me to have a greater eſteem for you than I have already, it would be, becauſe you have ſo extraordinary a Genius at Poetry: Nothing cou'd contribute to advance you higher in my good opinion than that. To confeſs the truth, I have a mighty paſſion and reſpect for Poets, and all perſons of underſtanding, as I conceive, ought to preſerve the ſame veneration for them. I am raviſh'd with joy, Madam, ſays the Marquis, that I am Maſter of any good Qualities, that are capable of giving you a diverſion: I aſ-

ſure

ſure you, My deareſt, that I ſhall take care to cultivate this poor talent of mine, ſince I find you have a kindneſs for it, and that nothing of Gallantry ſhall paſs between us, which I ſhall not endeavour to give you an account of in Verſe. Upon my word, anſwers ſhe, you will infinitely oblige me by ſo doing. After they had ſaid abundance of amorous things one to another, and had reaſon'd ſufficiently upon this Subject, they parted with a promiſe not to fail meeting at the hour of Aſſignation. Immediately when ſhe was return'd back to her Chamber, ſhe began to make ſome reflections upon this affair; and as ſhe was accidentally looking for ſome thing or other in her Trunk, ſhe chanced at the ſame time to lay her hands on the inſtructions, that were formerly

given

given her by the old Lady. She read 'em over not without some uneasiness, and qualms of conscience, because she saw her actions so apparently blamed in 'em: But to what purpose? She had had already given her promise, and the intrigue was too far advanced to think of making a retreat. But on the other side, the Instructions carried reason and weight in 'em, she was going to embarque her self in an affair, which perhaps might cost her a great deal of repentance, when it would be too late, and what should a poor perplexed Damosel do in such an intricate, mortifying case? She found out, at last, the true expedient, which was to sacrifice these troublesome instructions to the flames, that she might have nothing about her to refresh her Memory, or reproach her

her proceedings. So now, Gentle Reader, you may imagine the pious *Guillemette* committing the helpless criminal Papers to the Fire, and afterwards very devoutly taking her repose. The fatal Sunday now approached; therefore she made all the haste she could to pack up the best of her moveables in a little bundle, and at the time appointed she took 'em under her Arm, and marched out of the Castle, without being perceived by any body. Within two hundred paces of the place, she found her trusty Lover, who attended her coming in a Coach and Six Horses; they took her up, and made such speed that in less then two hours, they arrived at his House: He had prepared a magnificent Apartment for her reception; In fine, he passed away the Night with her, and ra-

wish'd that flower from her, which the men search after with so much curiosity, and the Women ought so industriously to preserve and guard. In the mean time, they missed her at the Castle, and believed she was return'd back again to her old Quarters. They presently dispatched a Messenger thither to enquire after her, but she was not to be found; the old Lady was exceedingly afflicted at the news, and as for her part *Olympia* left nothing unattempted to discover whether she was Assassinated or no. All this while, they could not imagine what was become of her, and we have reason to suppose, that it had been a long time before they had received any intelligence, where she resided, if one of the old Ladies Servants, that was sent to the Marquis upon an Errand, had not by mere

accident ſpy'd her looking out of a Window. He did not ſeem to diſcover any manner of aſtoniſhment at the ſight, but ſhe no ſooner perceived him, but ſhe immediately retired to the other end of her Chamber; as ſoon as he came home, he declared the whole matter to the good Lady, who from the beginning teſtify'd a great deal of ſorrow upon this occaſion, but now comforted herſelf to hear that *Guillemette* was alive. Nevertheleſs, ſhe baniſhed the poor Marquis for ever from her Houſe, and would not permit him to ſee her any more. For all that, he did not in the leaſt forbear to paſs his time as agreeably as he could with his beloved Miſtreſs; and becauſe he remembred himſelf, that ſhe loved Poetry, he failed not to divert her even that way, as often as their gallantry

furnish'd him with an occasion.

She found all his compositions very agreeable and natural, and took a great deal of pleasure in reading 'em over. She pay'd the Marquis for his Poetry in the same Coyn, as she pay'd him in for all the other civilities she received at his hands. Thus according to appearances, they passed their time contentedly enough, their mutual affection continued very warm and violent for a considerable space, and all the while this happy couple never troubled their heads with any other matters. The Marquis made a journy to the Court, after which he returned home, fuller of Love and Vigour than before; much about this time the Judge of one of the principal Villages belonging to the Marquis, became a Widdower, and he immediately thought of sup-

ſupplying that place for him, with his *Guillemette*; he was a very honeſt plain man, very rich, and very young; but the difficulty was to know whether the Judge would ſit down contented with another man's leavings, and ſubmit the long Robe to the lubricity and levity of a Woman. However, he was in good hopes to gain him, ſo for this purpoſe he communicated the deſign to *Guillemette*, and repreſented to her, that it would prove a very advantageous match, that it would repair her honour, and not in the leaſt deſtroy or interrupt their correſpondence. For in fine, my deareſt, ſays he to her, 'tis only for thy Intereſt that I attempt this affair; and don't believe that I have a mind to abandon thee. No, I'le ſooner abandon my whole Eſtate, and I ſhould be happy e-

enough in the sole possession of thee, to make the greatest Monarchs envy my condition, tho' I was divested of all my other fortunes. 'Tis therefore for thy good only that I undertake this enterprize, and that we may continue our intrigues with the greater privacy and security. If you are of opinion that it will be for your advantage, we'l joyntly employ our efforts to wheedle him into the oval of Matrimony. She was convinced with the force of his arguments, and return'd him abundance of thanks for all his care, and civilities; promising to make use of all her Charms to draw this Pigeon to her Pigeon-house, but they were well match'd, he was the Devil of a Rat, and she was the Devil of a Cat.

The Marquis frequently invited the Judge to dine with him, he frequently complained before him of the loss of his Lady, he often regal'd him at his Table; and gave him all the marks of friendship imaginable, and all this while the poor Judge knew not one Syllable of the true occasion. *Guillemette* also frequently entertain'd him in particular, when the Marquis was call'd away by other company. Never did Vestal Virgin shew more Prudence and Piety than she made appear in all her conversation and behaviour; they that were not acquainted with her Character, would have infallibly taken her for a Second *Lucretia*. In the mean time, the Marquis sounded by little and little the Judges Sentiments, about a Second Marriage, he discoursed *en passant* of this affair daily to

him; but to all this he return'd no clear positive answers, but talked all the while ambiguously. But one day, our Marquis was resolved to sound his inclinations for good and all; to this end, after dinner was over, he took him out to walk with him in one of the Parters of his Garden, and thus open'd himself: You know, Sir, the estimation I have always made of your Person, I have distinguish'd you from all the Justiciaries of my Precincts, to place you in these circumstances; the more I find I have for you a certain honest, well-meaning, complaisant tenderness, that obliges me to have a great respect and concern for your welfare. This is the reason why I passionately desire to see you advantageously placed in a Second Marriage, and upon this score I have a great de-

sire

fire to marry you from my own hands. The Judge thanked him very submissively for all the favours he had received of him; and particularly for the honour he did him daily at his House. But, Sir, says he, you have talked to me concerning a certain thing, of which I have not entertain'd the least thoughts since the death of my Wife; I don't question but that coming from your hands, she must be a person that has abundance of merit, and honour: but may a man be so happy as to know who this Lady is? 'Tis that young Gentlewoman, replies the Marquis, that you have so often seen at my house; she was given me for the Governant of my Family, and I must freely own to you, that I have a great esteem for her vertues. She's a person of Wit and good understanding; and besides

her other qualifications, she'l have four thousand Livres by way of Portion, which I intend to bestow upon her; besides, the first vacant place that falls in the Court of Judicature, at *Poitiers*, which I offer you to accept of, as you find convenient.

The Judge was not at all ignorant of the train that was laid for him; and as soon as he heard the name of *Guillemette* mention'd, he smelt the design, and immediately formed a resolution in himself not to comply with his Patron's inclinations. But as it was his interest to manage *Monsieur le Marquis* as dexteroully as he cou'd, he was not willing on the sudden to give him a total refusal, not at all questioning, but that the other, who carefully observed all his actions, would conclude from his rejecting the offer, that he had

some

ſome intelligence of their deſigns upon him. Therefore he took the midle way; and after he had complemented the Marquis upon the ſcore of all his favours and civilities, he humbly repreſented to him, that an affair of that importance, as Marriage, ought to be nicely conſider'd, before one throws himſelf into it; that within five days at fartheſt he ſhould receive his anſwer in writing, where he would take the liberty to expreſs his Sentiments ſincerely, in caſe he ſhould not be able to accept the party. The Marquis preſſed him to explain himſelf more clearly upon this point, but without any effect. He only reiterated his former promiſe, ſo that the Marquis was obliged to content himſelf with it, and went immediately to carry the news to *Guillemette*, who no ſooner heard

it,

it, but she presaged ill success to her self in the matter. Nevertheless they expected the answer, and accordingly it came to their hands at the prefixed time, they had the curiosity to know what Mysteries the Paper contain'd within; so they broke it open, and read as follows.

Sir,

AFter having made abundance of reflections upon the inconveniences and misfortunes, that Marriage generally carries along with it, I have taken up a resolution not to venture my self the second time on that outragious Sea, but to pass the remainder of my Life in security in the Harbour. The most convincing arguments that served to determine my opinion in this case, were sent me in a Letter by a Poet, a Friend of mine: I have transcrib'd

a copy of 'em for you, that you may see the advice which he gives me, and with what an invincible aversion he declaims against Matrimony. In the mean time, I shall never cease to make you all the acknowledgments in the World for your infinite favours, and I am heartily displeas'd with my self, that I cannot force my inclination so far, as to offer my Vows to that charming person you design'd for me. You may reasonably believe, that Providence never design'd me for so great a blessing, however I shall always reserve that honour of Writing my self,

Your, &c.

Advice about MARRIAGE.

THe Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He's always in Danger, she always in Motion.
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carkass,
Twice ventures a drowning; and faith that's an hard Case.
Ev'n at our Weapons the Female defeat us,
And death, only death can sign our Quietus.
Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost
How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Pleasures all crost,
This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station,
Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.
The Levite *it keeps from Parochial Duty,*
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The rich it Alarms with Expences and trouble,
And a poor Beast you know, will scarce carry double.

Twas

Twas invented, they say, to keep us from falling,
Oh the Virtue and Grace of a Swil Catter-wauling!
But it pales in your Game. Ay, but how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up the Enclosure.
For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,
You must eat, tho' a hundred has spit in your Porrige.
True Woman nere minds a Sermon, or Lecture,
Her Glass is her Guide, and her Ghostly director,
Then she Primes her gay Looks, with an early Devotion,
There she Paints, and she Patches, and studies each Motion.
Not to please the dull sight of her Conjugal Satyr,
But charm and confound ev'ry gaping Spectator.
If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Bloodshed next Morning.
Cry's the bone of your side, thanks dear Mr. Horner.

This

This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.
Then to make up the breach, all your might you must Rally,
And Labour, and Sweat, like a Slave at the Gally.
Yet still you must Charge, Oh Blessed Condition!
Tho you know to your cost, you've no more Ammunition.
Till at last, my dear mortified Tool of a Man.
You're not able to make a poor flash in the Pan.
Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the World is for them all scarce a Farthing the better.
The Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may humble,
If into the Flames store of water you tumble.
But the Fire of a Female, on the word of a Friend,
Is ne'r to be quench'd, but burns World without end.

You may call half the Engines, and pumps in the Nation,
To extinguish the Flame, and allay Tribulation.
But may Piss out as well the last Conflagration.
Thus Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the Matter,
Judge you as you please, but I scorn to Flatter.

The Marquis was very sorry, that his Project met with no better Success; in the mean time the two Lovers did what they could, to comfort one another, by a Continuation of their Amours.

But as resistance feeds the Flame,
And fans the dying Fire.
So dull Enjoyments spoils the Game,
By palling the desire.

In effect, our Marquis also, like the rest of his Sex, began to for-

get his Promises; for he apparently neglected her, and never looked upon her without a certain piece of Melancholy. Nevertheless she was happy enough, in having possessed him for about the space of ten years, after which time was expired, seeing that he had not that Esteem for her, as he formerly had, but on the contrary neglected her, she resolved with her self to leave him, so she begged leave of him to depart, but he pretended at first, by way of Complement, an extream unwillingness to part with her, but at last, he gave her his Consent, and to say the Truth without any great importunity. She had got together, what by her own savings, and what by the Presents the Marquis made her, a pretty Sum of Money, with which she took her way towards *Paris*.

When

When she arrived there, she lived after a high profuse rate, not being able to dis-accustom her to those fine Dainties, she used to eat at the Marquis's Table. But as every thing is dear at *Paris*, she was obliged to retrench her Expences, and consider of some Livelihood or other, whereby to support her self. For this purpose she entreated a virtuous Old Matron, who made it her business to promote a civil Correspondence between the two Sexes, and bring good People together, to put her in a way; but this prudent Gentlewoman seeing her young, and beautiful enough, proposed a Match to her, as the most probable, and advantageous Course to make her Fortune. She was not very averse to the Motion, and presently inquired after the Person, and his Vocation;

to

to this she received Answer, that his Name was *Monsieur Scaron*, and that he was of the honourable Society of Poets. The Name of a Poet ravished her Soul with Joy, she longed to see him immediately, but the Old Woman judging it convenient to prepare before her before hand, for seeing so extraordinary a Figure, and to give her some short Description of his Person, least she should be affrighted at the sight of him, thus began her Discourse. *Like my dear Child with reverence and attention, I am very willing to oblige you with a short Portraiture of this Gentleman before you go to see him. In the first place, he's young, of an ordinary Stature, but very deformed; his Legs, his Head and his Body in the posture as they are Scituate, make the exact Representation of a Z. His Eyes are some-*

what

what of the largeſt, but ſunk into his Head; his Noſe is true Roman, *his Teeth of the ſame Colour with Ebony, and very irregularly placed; his Members to outward appearance ſeem ſmall and ſlender, I mean his viſible Members, for I don't deſire to be underſtood of the reſt; however to make amends for this want of Symmetry and Proportion, he has an infinite deal of Wit above the reſt of Mankind; to recommend him farther to you, he has ſomething to live upon, he has a Penſion from the Court, and is the Son of a Gentleman of the Long robe; at preſent if you have a mind to ſee him, we'l go and make him a Viſit.* She agreed to the propoſal, and ſo they went; *Scaron* who had ſome information of their coming, had dreſſed himſelf up like a *Bartholomew*-Baby, and attended them in his Chair; at their entring into

the

the Room. *Scaron* received them with all the Civility imaginable, and for her part *Guillemette* endeavoured to answer him in like manner, but not without laughing to see so Comical, and pleasant a Figure. Their Conversation having lasted almost the space of an hour, they took their leaves of him, and the Old Woman engaged her self several times to bring *Guillemette* along with her again: They made him a Second Visit, when he entertained them with a small regale of a Collation, and and the venerable Matron being gone out to look after something which she had lost, *Scaron* began to display the Charms of his Wit, and discovered his Passion to the adorable *Guillemette*. He told her, that he very well conjectured, that a Lady so beautiful and handsome as she, would

not

not willingly Embarras her self with such a demy Monster as he was. *But Madam, notwithstanding all this Discouragement*, says he, *if I durst lay any manner of value upon my self, I would tell you, that this ill favorable Tabernacle of mine, for all it Promises so little, perhaps lodges a Spirit in it, that deserves a better Case, and that is extremely concerned to find it self in Company with those Persons, who are so advantagiously provided with all the Gifts of Nature. As for my self, I can assure you, Madam, that I shall be always obliged to treat you with the profoundest respect, in case I shall have the Happiness to be approved by you: But give me leave to tell you, Madam, that delays are not convenient upon these occasions.* As she was going to answer him, one of *Scaron*'s Sisters entred the Room, which made her reserve

till

till another time, what she had to say, so that then she did not explain her self upon this subject, but at the next visit she made him, well had this old Matron acquitted her self of her commission, that she plainly promised him to be his Wife. He was immediately inspired with the greatest joy in the World; and after this happy declaration he never failed to entertain her dayly with his *Billets doux*, which he composed so agreeably, that they served not a little to continue her in the same favourable sentiments.

But Oh! the Fates, this complaisant humour did not stay with her long, for there happen'd a small rupture between the Lovers. The Old Matron went into the Country to accommodate a certain affair of mighty consequence

to

to her, but all this while the obdurate *Guillemette* continued firm in her resolution, and swore she would never see, or think of him any more. When the dogg *Scaron* understood this ill news, he endured all those vexations which despair uses to inspire us with, and his grief was yet the more and more violent, when he heard that she rejected all his Letters. He and his trusty confident were just upon the point of accomplishing their designs, and now to be defeated, when they fancied they had surmounted all difficulties, was a mortification not to be expresst: But *Scaron*, that was master of a great deal of Wit, happily remembred himself, that she loved verses exceedingly, and took an unspeakable pleasure to her him repeat some of his Poetry. Therefore he resolved to attempt her

once more that way, and wrote abundance of Billets to her in this fashion. After she had read them over, she decently laid them aside, as she had done before, but would not condescend to return him any answer. Nevertheless, our indefatigable lover charged her daily with his amorous Epistles; his constancy, his respectful behaviour; to which were added the assiduities of his Confidence, failed not at long run to re-establish him in his Mistress's good graces. But he, that was very well acquainted with the inconstancy of this Age, did not think it * *proper* to spend much time in this affair; therefore he pressed her with all the arguments he could summon on this occasion; and, in fine, renew'd his importunities with that success, that in a short time the Marriage was consummated between

World, reduced him to the extremity of despair; and forasmuch as it lay exceeding heavy upon him, he was willing to discharge it into the hands of one of his Sisters, not at all believing that he cou'd dispose of the Secret to a better Person, or that she wou'd take pains to publish the infamy of her own Family: but he found himself exceedingly mistaken, to imagine that one of the frailer Sex was capable of concealing so nice and critical a Secret: however, at last, he discovered his grievances to her, after he had mightily aggravated the consequence of this affair, and told her how tenderly it concerned his Life and Reputation to have it kept private. She failed not on her side to swear and promise every thing in the World, which he would have her do, out of an itching

itching desire she had to be made acquainted with this important matter. But she no sooner understood what it was, but she found her self possess'd with a far greater inclination to disclose it. Thus she continued for some days in this Female irresolution, saying and unsaying the very same thing. One day for instance, she fell into the following transport.

There's no body knows this secret, but I,
Which I've heartily sworn to conceal par ma foy-
(tion,
And I've promis'd, without any damn'd reserva-
Not to utter one Word to a Soul in the Nation.
Then must I conceal it? Alass and alack!
I may promise as well to bear Paula on my back.
But then if I tell it, I run my Brother.
Why I faith I can't help it, as well he as another.
This telling of Secrets is part of our Charter,
And for my part, I sweat, I'll dye nobody's martyr.
Well, let me consider once more of the matter,
(latter.
Either Barn or disclose it, why truth chuse the
But then if I speak it, farewell reputation,
And besides I may raise his severe indignation,
But what Woman alive can conceal fornication?

Not a female in Earth can Cuckoldom sustain,
Then don't take it ill from your Sister good Brother.
Whatever what the Matron said unto her Daughter,
Nothing keep a Secret, nor long hold your Wares.

After so many different agitations, she resolved at last to put her self out of this torment, and communicate the secret to a trusty She friend of her; this trusty Female handed it to another, and she likewise to her new Neighbour, and so on to the end of the Chapter, till at last, the whole Town was acquainted with the Secret, and the greatest part of the conversation in the city went to this Tune. However as every thing in the World has its time, so some new accident or other, occasion'd even this discourse to vanish; but this did not afford the least comfort to the Unfortunate *Scaron*, but the oftner he reflected on the cruelty of his Stars, and

the unhappiness of his condition, he found his Melancholly humour to grow upon him. In fine, he was so sensibly affected with remorse of conscience for what he had done, that it made him pass the remainder of his Life in a sad languishing condition, and at last carried him out of the World. His pious Wife, according to the laudable custom of the World, for some time appeared very desolate and afflicted, as you know good manners and civility obliged her to do. She subsisted for a while upon the small fortune that her Husband had left her, for Poets are seldom guilty of leaving great Sums behind 'em; but being satisfied that her poor stock would not last for ever, she resolved to pursue her first design, and look after a Service. Never was a more favourable opportunity presented

to her then now; she had the luck to meet with one of her old companions of *Poitou*, who was so happy as to be placed in a very advantageous station with Madam *de Montespan*. This honest acquaintance promised to employ her utmost interest with her Mistress, to get her fixed in some good condition; and at last succeeded in her endeavours, for she procured her a Governants place in the house of a Person of Quality; but this was in *Portugal*, and thither she was obliged to transport her self, if she complied with the Motion. She agreed to do it with all her heart; and during the time that the Persons with whom she was to live, were making preparations for their Voyage, she went frequently to Madam *de Montespan*'s, to thank her the companion for the kindness she had

had done her, and likewise to endeavour if it were possible to have audience of this celebrated favourite before she departed. This favour she obtained by the means of her correspondents and acquitted her self so agreeably in her conversation before the above-mention'd Madam *de Montespan*, that she desired to see her often. Not to be tedious, she pleas'd her so extremely with the gayety of her discourse, that this Lady imagining she might be useful to her upon several occasions, was willing to entertain her in her Service, and having obliged her to break off her design'd Voyage to *Portugal*, kept her in her Family. Where she insinuated her self so dexterously into her good opinion, that in a short time she became her only Confident. Nothing was now to be done with the King, but

but by the favour of *Montespan*, and nothing with her, but through the intercession of Madam *Scavon*: She managed her good fortune with that address and policy, that she has never since suffer'd any alteration in it; on the contrary the favour she found with her Mistress, brought her daily a vast quantity of presents, and particularly there happen'd an opportunity of considerable importance to her, which served as well to make her carry the cause, as to inform the World what interest and power she had in the very beginning of her Elevation, which has encreas'd to her advantage ever since.

The King's Chief Physician being dead, his Majesty resolved to accept of no body for favour or affection, but to chuse one himself; and in order to supply that con-

considerable place, began to cast an Eye upon Monsieur *Vallot*. We may reasonably enough conclude that he had carried it, if death had not ravished him out of the World. Immediate upon his decease, there appeared a great number of Competitors upon the Stage, who durst never have made any pretensions to the place, if *Vallot* had been living. Every one employ'd the intercession and prayers of his Friends to succeed in his design; but all these entreaties were to no purpose, a request of this nature, without a good handsom gift to recommend it, carries but little efficacy along with it. The truth of this assertion was soon understood by those pretenders, who were not over and above furnish'd in the Pocket; and they saw clearly that it was but time and labour lost to make

any

any further bustle. Monsieur *Dargan* was the man that found the easiest access, for he thought it a piece of imprudence to starve a good cause, and only to depend on a few feeble simple Petitions; so he went a surer way to work, and promised Madam *Scarron* to make her a purse of twenty thousand Crowns, in case she helped him to the place. This was too tempting, and advantageous an offer to be refused; therefore she used all the ways she could think of, to bring *Montespan* to her party; she employ'd her utmost efforts to accomplish the design, and did not conceal from her, the advantage she was to make, if this affair succeeded. *Montespan* who loved her exceedingly, was not sorry to find an occasion to gain her such a considerable Sum as this; to this effect, she made use

use of all her Interest with the King. In short, her Petition met with success, and she obtained this pretty round Sum of Money for our Heroine, who to testify her acknowledgments for so considerable a favour, redoubled her diligence about her in such a manner, that it was almost impossible for *Montespan* to suffer any one else about her. It was she that kept all her Secrets, and into her hands she made no scruple or difficulty to commit those Letters which the King wrote to her; nay sometimes she made use of her assistance to answer 'em. One day she composed so charming, so accurate, and tender a *Billet*, that the King, who has a delicate apprehension and penetration in these matters, soon perceived that it was infinitely above the Genius of his Mistress; he presently

presently resolved to inform himself from what hand it came, and began at the same time, to entertain some suspicious thoughts, some little motions of Jealousie, that something had happen'd which would prove fatal to his Amour. Being come to Madam *de Mouy*'s apartment, he told her, he was desirous to know what persons had dictated that Letter; for as for you your self, Madam, says he, I have known you long enough to be sufficiently acquainted with your Style, and way of Writing. Therefore tell me without any reserve or disguise, who it is. Since you must needs oblige me to tell you, answers she, I will do it, tho' I am confident you'l find it a difficult matter to believe it. But not to keep your mind any longer in suspense, 'twas Madam *Scaron* that dictated the Letter, and I tran-

transcrib'd it from hers; and that your Majesty may not in the least doubt of the verity of what I have said, I'le go fetch the Original under her own hand. In short, she brought it, and presented it to him. The King was very well satisfy'd with it, and demanded to see Mademoiselle *Sturon*, who at that juncture of time was not to be found: But shortly after, as she happen'd to be with Madam *de Montespan*, the King entred the room; she was going to withdraw out of respect to his Majesty, but he would not permit her to quit the place; and gave her a thousand commendations for the happy talent she had in writing of Letters. She answered every thing he said to her with so much flame and Gallantry, that he admired her more and more, and began to distinguish her from

his

his other Domesticks. At parting he recommended her to Madam *de Montespan*'s care, to whom he wrote oftner then his custom usually was that he might have the pleasure & diversion to see the answers which *Scaron* dictated; He found 'em all so agreable and charming, the language so beautiful, the thoughts so natural and tender, that he redoubled his Visits, and never failed when he was there, to enter into some pleasant facetious conversation with her. All this you may imagine, was not very grateful to her Mistress, who began now to be sensible, that after the example of Madam, she had made a person known to the King, who was in a capacity to supplant her. *Scaron*, who likewise perceived the alteration which these unexpected favours from his Majesty, had created in *Montespan*, endea-

vour'd

voured all she could to possess her with far different Sentiments, and attended her with greater diligence every day than ever, which in some sort served to cure her disgust.

The King took such Pleasure in her Conversation, that he seemed to be somewhat in Love. In effect, he perceived himself to be touched with a certain Passion in her favour. He gave himself no great trouble to resist and combat these growing Inclinations, supposing that they would vanish of themselves as soon as they were born, but herein he was mightily mistaken. For his Affections increased so violently, that he resolved to Discourse her about them the very next opportunity. To be short, one day when *Montespan* was indisposed with a Fever, and had composed her self

to

to rest, the King entred *Scarron's* Apartment; as soon as ever he was entred, the rest of the Maids withdrew out of a respect to the King, so that finding himself all alone with her, he thus accosted her. It is some days, Madam, says he, since I have felt a certain *Je ne sçay quoi* for you, which obliges me to regard you with a greater Tenderness, than once Good-will uses to inspire People with. I have often sought an occasion to make this Declaration to you, and at the same time to request you to bring me some Remedy for my Pain; but having never as yet found so favourable an opportunity as this at present, I conjure you to comply with my Demands, and to receive the offer I tender you, of being the absolute Mistress of my Heart and Kingdom. Alas! Sir, answered

she how ready is your Majesty to rally your poor undeserving Servants. How! was it enough to divert your self upon the Score of my Writing, but you must find out a new Subject for your Laughter? However, I ought to esteem my self sufficiently happy, in that I am able to contribute any thing to the Pleasure of the greatest Monarch in the World, tho' it is all at my own Expence.

No, no Madam, replys he somewhat hastily; these are not proper Subjects for Raillery; what I have said to you, is nothing but the truth, I am sincere, believe me upon my word, and comply with my Passion. Is it possible then, fills she, persuing her Discourse, that a mighty Prince should cast his Eyes so low? Sir, I am not worthy of such an Honour,

Court, and besides, the innumerable Company of Beauties, the most exquisite in the World, of which your Court is so full, are Arms by far to engage the Heart of so great a Man. The World would be apt to conclude that your Majesty inclined to more noble Matters, and as for my self, they would give me a Name, which does not at all belong to me. In fine Sir, besides that I am somewhat advanced in Age, & want Charms enough to pretend to so glorious a Conquest, your Majesty must not be ignorant that I am a Widow, and that you cannot possibly make choice of a Person that lyes under so many disadvantages as my self, without making her draw down upon her Head the Contempt and Indignation of all the beautiful Sex. Ah! Madam, replyes the King, I see no purpose

to

to seek for such a little Subterfuges as these to colour your refusal. Are you resolved to make me languish away a miserable Life? Ought you not rather to rest satisfied, when Heaven you see that although I am above the rest of mankind, yet nevertheless I have a Heart which is susceptible of all the pretty soft engaging things of Love, and such Effects of lively penetrating Wit, which one sees in you, that Grandeur of Soul which you make appear in the most inconsiderable Actions; in a word, all your charming Perfections.

He said no more to her at that time, and at parting made her a profound reverence, and bid her consider of what had passed between them. She had no time to return any Answer, for the King immediate entred Madam

The

The Letter of *LOVIS* XIV.

To Madam *Scaron*,

I Am to tell you, Madam, that your resistance has extremely astonished me: Me I say, that have been hitherto accustomed to Victory, and was never before refused. I always believed that being a King, it was sufficient to give any sign of my desire, to order to accomplish it; but I perceive the contrary by your Rigour; and therefore to oblige you to shew them, was the occasion of this Letter. Let me conjure you, my dear, to love me, or at least make as if you loved me. Towards Evening I shall come to see you, and if then I find you no more favou-

favourable to me, than at your other Visits you will reduce, to the extremity of Despair the most passionate of Lovers.

Lovis.

She received this Letter with an unspeakable transport of joy, and finally determined to surrender her self that very same Evening to His Royal Pleasure, for fear she should disgust or exasperate him by a farther Affectation of resistance. Madame de Montespan, who perceived the Intrigue, was extremely afflicted, but being very well read in Court-Policies, she dissembled her Resentment, and shewed no appearances of discontent. In the mean time, the King being come to her Chamber, she endeavoured to retain him with her, by her Ca-

resses,

resses, but he had another design in his Head; he was desirous to know, what mighty Effects his Letter had produced, so he quitted her in haste, and ran to the Apartment of his new Mistress. As soon as ever she perceived him, she put her self into a posture of weeping. The King was urgent with her, to know the occasion. Alas! Sir, says she, I bewail my weakness, which notwithstanding is powerful enough to triumph over my Duty, and my Honour! For in fine, it is impossible for me to resist you any longer, you are my King, I owe every thing to you ... But ... No, Madam, replyes he to her, I am not willing you should do any thing by Force and Compulsion. I will lay aside the Quality of a Sovereign before you; do you lay aside your Cruelty,

and Rigour, and with a reciprocal Passion, Love those that love you.

He said to her upon this occasion, abundance of tender, agreeable things, by the force of which she suffered her self at last to be overcome, and thus the King in that favourable moment accomplished his Design, and after several reiterated Caresses, they took their leaves of one another for a few days. The King gave Orders to have a Magnificent Apartment furnished for her, which he prayed her to accept; and being willing, that she should not appear under a meaner Character than any of his former Mistresses, he lookt out a Title for her, and at last conferred upon her, that of the Marchioness *de Maintenon*. But that Dignity being only Honorary, he purchased

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the Estate of Marquis *de Maintenon* for her, who parted with it willingly, and received as well as she a large share of his Majesties Royal Gratifications; for he had a Frigat in *America* defrayed at the Kings Expence for the space of four or five Years, to make what advantage he could by her, and without Permission to execute what Acts of Piracy he pleased upon the *Spaniards*. If he had been Master of any Courage, and had known how to manage his Fortune, when the *Enterprizers* desired him to joyn with them, he had been without dispute the richest Man that *France* had in all her Dominions. But he was far from attempting any thing that was Heroic; he had always baseness enough to steal out of the Fleet, when he saw there was any occasion for Fighting, but at the time

of sharing the spoil, he never failed to pay his Attendance, and by his Good-will would have received the greatest part of the Dividend. This scandalous Conduct sunk him very low in his Reputation, and at present he is so mortally hated by all these People, that a Party of them having taken him Prisoner in the Year 85, when he came from *Europe*, to the Isle of St. *Martin*, designed to put him and his Lady to the Sword, after they had plundered them: Nevertheless, Compassion prevailed upon them at last, so they gave him his Life, and having taken his Ship from him, they left him only a Pettiauger to get a shore, of which he was then in sight. But if they ever meet him the Second time, it is likely to be his last; and in all Probability they'll never give

him an opportunity of meeting them the Third time. To reassume our Discourse: the King having made this purchase, spared no Charges to make the place agreeable to his Mistress: He laid a prodigious infinite Expence upon it, he brought store of Water thither, tho' before he could bring his design to Execution, he was forced of necessity to raise Mountains, and Traverse them. To this end he joyned Hills together, at the incredible Drudgery of his poor People, for it cost the Lives of above Threescore thousand Souls, and all this, to gratifie a brutal insatiable Passion, with which He was ever possessed.

Madam de *Soyon*, whom we shall for the future call by the Name of *Maintenon*, was not wanting to pay the King the Acknowledgements for all his favours,

She constantly passed two hours in a day in private with him, he sometimes Communicated to her Affairs of the greatest Importance, and sometimes he also followed her Advice.

In the mean time, she did not behave her self disrespectfully towards Madam *de Montespan*, she treated her always with a great deal of Esteem and Moderation, & this prudent Conduct served to preserve a good intelligence between them for a long time.

The Reverend Fathers the Jesuites, no sooner perceived the Elevation of *Maintenon*, but they immediately resolved to gain her to their Party; they rendred her all manner of Homage and Submission, of which followne Services the Society is liberal enough, when they find their Account in doing it. They ordered the Re-

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verend Father *la Chaise* and *Bour-daloue* to thank his Majesty, and to insinuate to him, that he could not have made a finer Choice of any Person to entertain his vacant Intervals, than what he had already made; they established her so far in his good Opinion, that she was extremely glad to see them at her House. In fine, to testifie the Confidence which she had in that Order, she chose from thence a Spiritual Director of her Conscience; nay, she entred her self into the Third Order of the Society, and would by all means carry the Name of a Daughter of that sanctified Company. However, even this Condescension did not satisfie the Jesuites, but being informed by her Confessor, (for these are a sort of Ecclesiastical Pimps, you must understand, that never Scruple to

discover any Secret, when it makes for the Interest of their Order) that she was exceedingly given to the Pleasures of the Flesh, and that she entertained an amorous Correspondence with one of her Domesticks, they unanimously desired him in a full Assembly, which they held in the College *de Montaigu*, that he would contribute as far as in him lay, to let them make an absolute Conquest of her, to the end that they might have her entirely at their Devotion. He promised to use his utmost Efforts for the Advancement of the holy Society, and to give him his due Character, he left nothing unattempted: To bring the business about more dextrously, he took care that his Confessor in ordinary should pretend a certain indisposition for a time, so she was forced to make

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use of the Jesuits, and for his part he could not have wished for a better opportunity, for by this means he discover'd the turnings and windings of her Conscience, and was so far from chastizing her for her Sins, that he assured her she was not at all accountable for 'em, but that she was obliged by all the ties of Christianity, to furnish her self with copious instructions, in order to render her self Serviceable to the pleasures of the Eldest Son of the Church.

Sinners usually love to be flatter'd in their Crimes, and to find out a way to damn themselves with pleasure; and this is the method that the Modern Casuists, the Jesuits prescribe to their Penitents, that make no other use of this Sacred Tribunal, which if rightly managed ought to be an instrument of saving People, but

only to chalk out to 'em the most compendious Way to Hell. It is no wonder therefore, that *Maintenon* abandon'd her self to such blessed Counsellors, who had found out so rare an expedient; and she had no sooner tasted the softness and bounties of Father *la Chaise* in her Confession, but she rejected the rest of the Ecclesiastical herd; in effect, after that time she only made use of him. All this while, he had promised to make a conquest of her person by way of a Love Intrigue; To succeed in this attempt, by the help of a little Spiritual Opium, he lull'd asleep the Consciences of all her Domesticks, whom he found favourably inclined to the Society, and like a Politick director he employed some of his own creatures in this pious affair; and amongst others, two penitential

Sisters

Sisters of the Society, who had an admirable faculty at wheedling and cajoling, and who had in a short time so strangely establish'd themselves in *Madame*'s good opinion, that she reposed an entire confidence in 'em, and by way of requital made use of 'em to serve her in her amorous affairs. By this means Father *la Chaise* was fully inform'd of every particular, and knew how to take his measures accordingly. One day, the Domestick, who was so very serviceable to her in her nocturnal diversions, had leave of her to go into the Country for two days, but whether it was, that he met with any of his acquaintance there, or was willing to recruit himself with fresh vigour against his return; he tarried somewhat longer than he had permission. After he had been absent for the space

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of six tedious days, Madam de *Maintenon*, who was never accustom'd to so long a fast, wrote a Billet to him, and gave it one of her trusty confidents to see it deliver'd. The Maid immediately carried it to the Reverend Father *le Chaise*; they shut themselves up in their Chamber, and having opened it, read as follows.

UPon my Word, my dear, I must reproach you for the small tenderness you have for me; if you measur'd your own impatience by that of mine, you had return'd the very first day. As for my self I can assure you, that I am infinitely displeased with my easiness in giving you leave to go, and I am yet the more concerned that you come not at all: You must either not love me, or be dead to make so unpardonable a stay. Return then, my dear,

dear, and leave me not to suffer any more from the King's Embraces, whom I don't love the tenth part so well as thee; and if you wou'd not find me sick, or dead, come at the usual hour straight into my Chamber; I shall give orders that my door be left open to let thee in. Adieu my Dear.

Goodly, Goodly! says the Father, and what think you now? What I, says she? I can't tell, unless it be that you'l give me the Letter to deliver it to him. No, by no means, child, says he, but I want your assistance to do me a certain kindness: She made no great difficulty to promise it. 'Tis this, continues he, I'le go immediately and write a sham-Letter to the Gallant, to spoil his coming and at the blessed hour of Assignation I'le not fail to expect you

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in the Anti-chamber, from whence you must lead me to her Bed, the place of Execution. I am much of the same pitch and stature with him, and will throw upon my self all the consequences of this affair.

The business being thus resolved upon, he made all the haste he could to write the Bantering Letter, and gave it her to see it deliver'd instead of the other. It was conceived in these terms.

Sir,

I Am sensibly afflicted that I must acquaint you with ill News. Your Father is at the point of death, I have confess'd him this Morning, and given him the Holy Viaticum. He desired me two or three times to write to you, because he has some thing of moment to communicate to you before he dies: Fail not therefore to take Horse immediately upon the

the receipt of this, for as yet he is in his senses, and if you lose no time, according to what we are able to judge by all outward appearances, you may have soon enough to speak with him.

Cachonet,

Curate de Lafins.

He had no sooner received this Letter, but he effectually believed, that the Master was dead. He had an extraordinary Tenderness for his Father, and therefore made all the dispatch he could, to see him; but to his great surprize he found him in very good Health, which did not a little rejoyce him. They were not able to understand the Mystery of this Letter, but our young Gillant had not the least Jealou-

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sic of the real occasion, which made him to continue for some time with his Parents. In the mean time, the Reverend Father *le Chaise* came exactly at the hour appointed to the Anti-Chamber, when he found the Maid expecting him. He undressed himself, and put on a Night-gown and Cap, which was the Equipage the other Gentleman used in his amorous Expeditions; after this he was introduced to her Bed, where he entred softly, and without any farther Ceremony prepared for the Assault. Altho' she was fast asleep, she perceived him well enough, notwithstanding the Pretensions of some certain Females who are of another Opinion, and supposing it to be her own Game-Bull in ordinary, she embraced him with such vio-

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lent and eager Caresses, that the poor Father thought he should expire in this charming Exercise. The Sport was too entertaining to leave any Room for dull insipid Conversation; thus they renewed the Combat several times without uttering one Syllable; and in all Probability they had passed the Night after this manner, if Father *La Chaise* had not broke the silence by reason of a dam'd unlucky Cold, which set him a Coughing and Wheezing like a decrepit Alderman, that every Morning Vomits rotes of Phlegm by whole Sale, as jugglers do inside as a Country Fair. Madam *de Maintenon* gave a shriek immediately, and would have thrown herself out of Bed, but our Ecclesiastical Scallion held her fast, and all the while made her

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the most plausible Excuses, that either his Fear or his Love could suggest to him: After he had somewhat appeased the Storm, and calmed her, she represented to her, that the thing was without Remedy; that she ought to consider it was the violence of his Passion, which obliged him to do it, but still he was so prudent, as not to make the least discovery of the true Motive of this Intrigue. How they came to be reconciled, I am not able to say; but in fine, my Memoirs tell me, that reconciled they were, and the Business fairly accommodated between them. When the Tempest was happily blown over, they passed the remainder of the Night in these laudable Recreations; and if we may give any Credit to exterior Appearances, they have pursued

sued the same Sport ever since; and I have the Charity to believe they'l continue the Game as long as either of them are able. For certain it is, that if She's the King's Mule, She's likewise the Mare of the pious *la Chaise*, and her *Valet*'s Hackney into the Bargain, who poor Fellow was no sooner returned to his Mistress, but he excused his long absence upon the Account of the Sham-Letter he had received. But she who was advertised of the whole Affair, by Father *la Chaise*, was not desirous to search any farther into these Matters, and received him into her Favour; since which time she employs him in her Primitive Drudgery to her vast Satisfaction, if we may take a certain Talkative, busie Gentlewomans word for it, where the vul-

gar People call Fame. All these liberal Contributions by the bye, did not hinder her from receiving the Kings ordinary Benevolence, when he was in Health, and in a Capacity of performing; but when his Distemper came upon him, which proceeded from no other cause than his over-exhausting his Royal Loyns, Madam *de Montespan* was infinitely afflicted, and in publick gave all the Demonstrations of Grief imaginable. In fine, the Malady growing daily worse and worse, the Physicians resolved to apply Plaisters to the part affected. This holy Daughter of the Society, being very well satisfied in her Conscience, that she was partly the occasion of his Majesties indisposition, generously offered to lay the first Plaister on this distressed

Son of *Priapus*. She laid it on accordingly, and continued to do it several times, even until the entire recovery of the King: When he was restored to his Health, she was willing to divert him, and having nothing at all of that nice delicate Love in her which won't admit of a Competitor, she found out for him one of the most celebrated Beauties in *France*. 'Twas Madam *Fontange*, which she presented to him; the King redoubled his Esteem for her, seeing she made as it were a Sacrifice of her self, and likewise cherished *Fontange* with a very particular Affection; But their Amours having been already written, we think it not worth the while to make any impertinent Repetitions of them in this place; only this I will add,

add, that the King did not enjoy her long, for she was Poison'd. Madam *de Maintenon* has entirely possessed the King's inclinations ever since; and whatever Charms he might find to attract him elsewhere; yet they were never so powerful as hers since the Death of *Fontange*. He likewise received another Present from her hands, and that was *la' Martenon*; but she died in Child-Bed, so that when she came to offer him another Lady for his Royal diversion, he would not accept the Gift, but applied himself altogether to her; who for her part is not overmuch afflicted, altho' the King has not been for a considerable time, capable to oblige any of the fair Sex; but has so much Discretion, as to relieve her Necessities elsewhere,

His Majeſties favour is more acceptable and grateful to her then his Love, ſince ſhe has ſo many ſervile Vaſſals, to gratifie her infamous Paſſions, and above the reſt, the Reverend Father *la Chaiſe*.

FINIS.

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His Majesties favour is more acceptable and grateful to her then his Love, since she has so many servile Vassals, to gratifie her infamous Passions, and above the rest, the Reverend Father *la Chaise*.

FINIS.